



7

GODBOMB PART ONE: WHERE GODS GO TO DIE



WAKE
UP, GOD OF
THUNDER.

I'M NOT
FINISHED WITH
YOU YET.



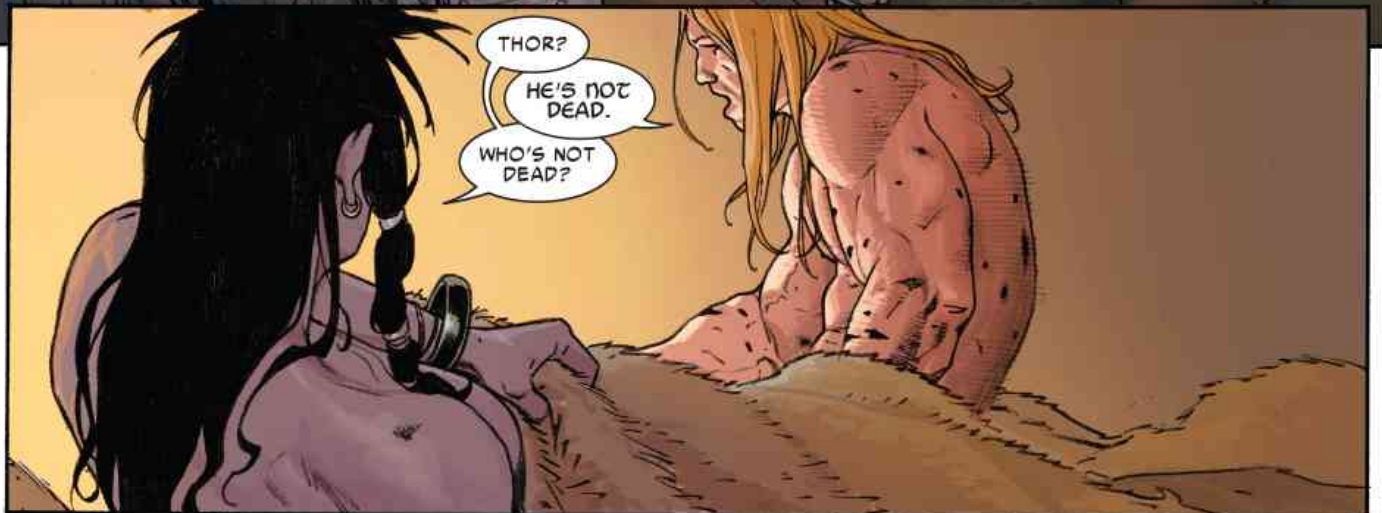
"WAKE UP."

AAAAHH!!!



HMMM?

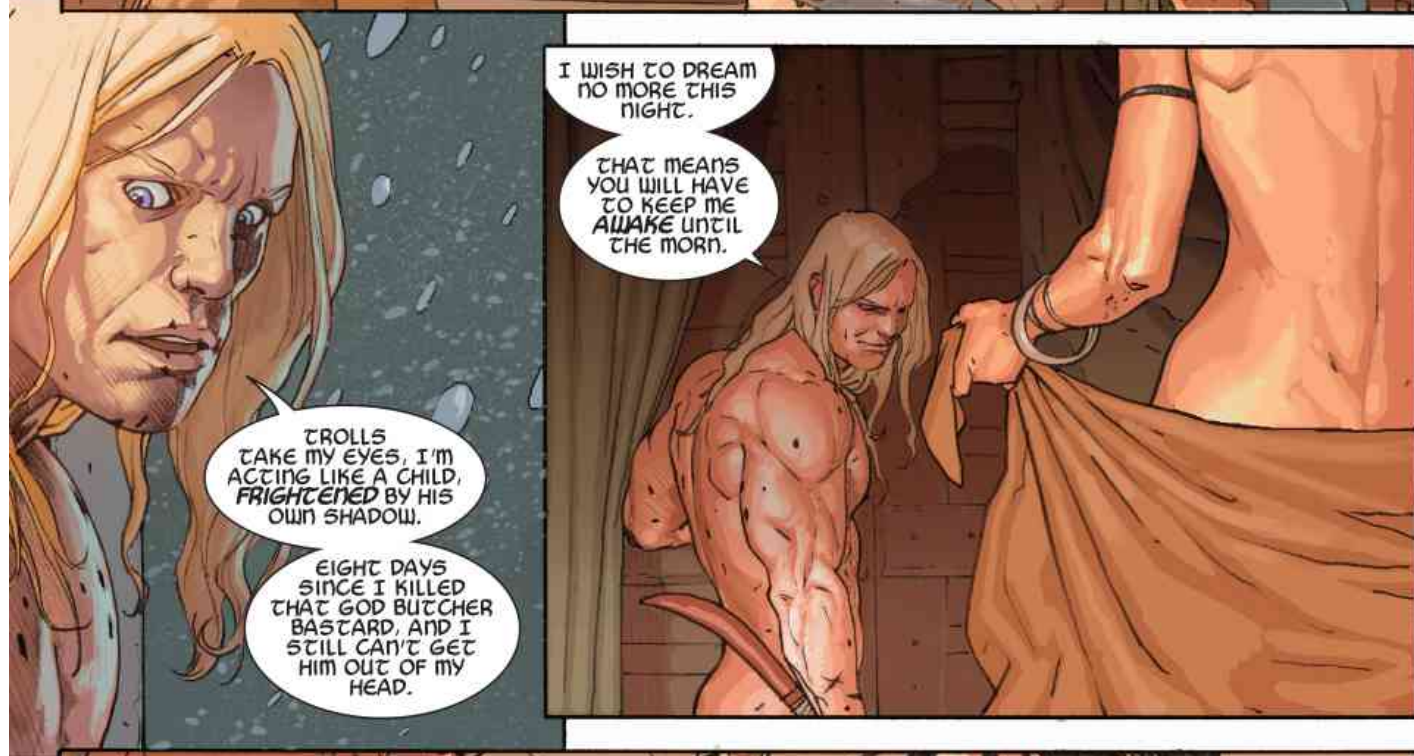
READY FOR
ANOTHER GO-ROUND
ALREADY, GOD
OF THUNDER?



THOR?

HE'S NOT
DEAD.

WHO'S NOT
DEAD?





Iceland.
893 A.D.

IT WAS NOT SO MUCH
A SCREAM THAT RANG
OUT THROUGH THE
VIKING VILLAGE OF
KOLKUMYRAR AS IT WAS
A CRY OF BATTLE.

AAAAHHHH

THE FIRST OF
MANY THAT
WOULD BE HEARD
THAT NIGHT.

THE NIGHT
THE SHADOWS
THEMSELVES
CAME OUT TO
MURDER.



Asgard, Many Millennia
From Now.

"SO...YOU REALLY
ARE...ME?"

THE OLDER, WISER AND
MORE EXQUISITELY-
BEARDED YOU,
YES.

ARE YOU
GOING TO SIMPLY
GAZE AT ME LIKE
SOME HALF-WITTED
HERCULES OR MAY WE
SEE TO OUR
BUSINESS?

YOU ACT
AS IF YOU'VE
NEVER TIME
TRAVELED
BEFORE.

WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO
MY EYE? AND
IS THAT AN
ARM OF THE
DESTROYER?

MANY TIMES,
BUT I'VE NEVER
BEEN WAITING FOR
MYSELF ONCE I
GOT THERE.



THIS
IS ASGARD?
WHAT'S HAPPENED
HERE? WHERE IS
EVERYONE?

ONE QUESTION
AT A TIME, BOY.
LET'S ANSWER THE
ONE YOU ASKED
WHEN YOU FIRST
ARRIVED...



"WHERE IS THE GOD BUTCHER?"

THIS...
THIS IS...
HLIDSKJALF.
THE HIGH SEAT
OF ODIN.

NO ONE BUT
THE **ALL-FATHER**
HIMSELF IS ALLOWED
IN HERE.

YOU ARE
RIGHT ABOUT
THAT.



YOU...I
MEAN, ME...**WE**
ARE THE ALL-
FATHER.

I AM THE
ALL-FATHER. YOU
ARE STILL JUST...
WHAT ARE YOU
AGAIN?



AN AVENGER?
GUARDIAN OF THE
GALAXY? THE HEAD
OF THAT RIDICULOUS
LITTLE **ORDER**
OF YOURS?

HAVE YOU
MOVED TO THE
SUN AND BECOME
A COSMIC GOD
COP YET?

WHAT?
NO.

OH. THEN
FORGET I SAID
ANYTHING.



WAIT, IF YOU TRULY ARE
ME...THEN SHOULDN'T YOU
REMEMBER THIS HAPPENING?
REMEMBER COMING HERE
AND **MEETING**
YOURSELF?

I CAN HARDLY
REMEMBER HOW
TO BUCKLE MY OWN
TROUSERS. CAN I?
AND THIS IS **TIME TRAVEL**
WE'RE TALKING ABOUT.
THERE ARE ALL MANNER
OF ANNOYING **RULES**
GOVERNING THIS
SORT OF THING.

I'VE
ALWAYS **HATED**
TIME TRAVEL.

AND
YOU ALWAYS
WILL.

WHAT ARE
WE LOOKING
FOR?



THEY'RE GONE.

THOSE DAMNED BLACK BERSERKERS. THEY'RE REALLY GONE.

GONE WHERE?

GORR HAS CALLED THEM HOME, BY THE LOOKS OF IT. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 900 YEARS THE SKIES AROUND ASGARD ARE EMPTY. THE SIEGE IS BROKEN.

BY MY BEARD, WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE.



I GO TO MAKE MYSELF READY FOR WAR. YOU SHOULD DO THE SAME, YOUNG THUNDER GOD.

I'M READY NOW. LET US LEAVE AT ONCE. GODS COULD BE DYING WHILE WE TARRY!

WE WILL DIE IF WE ARE NOT PREPARED FOR WHAT WE WILL FACE.

THIS IS NO MERE RAGNAROK COME UPON US, BOY. THIS IS AN ENDING BEYOND ALL KNOWN ENDINGS. THIS IS APOCALYPSE UNPARALLELED.



THERE IS A CHAMBER IN THE EAST WING, JUST PAST THE STATUES OF THE KINGS. YOU'VE NEVER ENTERED, HAVE YOU?

NO. ODIN ALWAYS SAID IT WAS FOR ALL-FATHERS ONLY.

YES, WELL NOW, ON THE EVE OF YOUR EXTINCTION, YOU WILL FIND ALL THAT YOU NEED INSIDE. MAKE YOURSELF READY AND MEET ME AT THE DOCKS.



THIS CANNOT BE RIGHT. PERHAPS THIS IS ONE OF THOSE ALTERNATE FUTURES THAT THE X-MEN ARE ALWAYS GOING ON ABOUT.

SURELY I DO NOT GROW UP TO BECOME... MY FATHER.



WHAT COULD I POSSIBLY NEED TO MAKE MYSELF READY? I AM READY NOW! READY TO POUND THE BUTCHER OF GODS INTO THE DIRT ONCE AND FOR...



WELL...

I SUPPOSE
ONE DRINK
WOULDN'T
HURT.



RRRRGGHHH!!!

BOO



GUUH



HHRRGGHHH!!!



HE SENT YOU, DIDN'T HE?
THE GOD BUTCHER! I
KNEW HE WASN'T
DEAD!

WHERE IS THE
ONE-ARMED COWARD?
THOR WOULD CLEAVE
WHATEVER'S LEFT
OF HIM!



SPEAK,
YOU BLOODLESS
DOGS! WHERE
IS YOUR
MASTER?!



WHERE
THE--

FOOOOM



--HEL?

AH, AT
LAST, MY
FAVORITE THOR.
WELCOME.



WELCOME
TO THE PLACE
WHERE GODS GO
TO DIE.



GORR!

THIS TIME
WHEN I CUT YOU,
YOU WILL **STAY**
DISMEMBERED!



MMPRH



Many Millennia From Now,
The Black World of Gorr,





I AM SORRY, MY
SONS. SORRY I
FAILED YOU.

I PRAY FOR YOUR
FORGIVENESS,
AND YOUR
STRENGTH.

IF THE
CHILDREN YET
LIVE...I WILL
FIND THEM.



SO SWEARS
THE KING OF
ASGARD.



THOR!

ARE YOU
READY TO SPILL
YOUR BLOOD
ACROSS THE END
OF TIME?!

ARE YOU
READY TO DIE
AS THE STARS
DIE WITH
YOU?!

ARE YOU
READY TO LAUGH
IN THE FACE OF THE
TWILIGHT OF THE
GODS?!





BUT
THEN YOU
CAME.

YOU HAVE
RENEWED MY
STRENGTH, YOUNG
GOD OF THUNDER. SEEING
MYSELF AS I ONCE WAS,
THOUGH BEARDLESS
AND DIM-WITTED,
NEVERTHELESS FILLS
ME WITH VIGOR.

FOR THE
FIRST TIME IN
CENTURIES, I
FEEL LIKE A
GOD AGAIN.

I DARESAY I EVEN FEEL THE
RUMBLINGS OF THE **THOR-FORCE**
WITHIN ME ONCE AGAIN, WHICH
I HAD LONG SINCE THOUGHT
FOREVER SPENT.

THOR-FORCE?
YOU MEAN...THE
ODIN-FORCE? YOU
WIELD THE AWESOME
POWER OF THE
ODIN-FORCE?

WE CALL IT THE
THOR-FORCE NOW,
BOY, AND HAVE FOR
TEN THOUSAND YEARS.
I'VE WIELDED IT FAR
LONGER THAN THAT
OLD MAN EVER DID.
AND NOW IT IS MINE
ONCE MORE.



THIS IS OUR CHANCE. GORR
HAS CALLED HIS MINIONS
HOME. THE FIEND
DARES US TO COME
AFTER HIM.

AND
SO WE SHALL,
HAMMERS IN
HAND.

ARE YOU
WITH ME,
THOR?

TO
THE END,
THOR.

THEN GIVE ME A
DRINK OF THAT
ALE. AND LET
US FLY.





FOR
HONOR AND
THE REALM
ETERNAL!

FOR
VENGEANCE
DIVINE!

THE LAST
CHARGE OF
THE ARMIES
OF ASGARD!



THE
LAST RIDE OF
THE GODS OF
THUNDER!

AND SO SKITHBLATHNIR,
MOST VAUNTED OF THE
LONGSHIPS OF ASGARD,
SET SAIL ACROSS THE
COSMIC SEAS...

WITH ITS CARGO OF
ENCHANTED URU
HAMMERS, ALL-FATHER'S
ALE AND THE GREATEST
COLLECTION OF THORS
EVER ASSEMBLED.

AND YET...



IT WOULD NOT BE ENOUGH.

TAKE HIM AWAY. I'VE HAD MY FUN.



NOW YOU GET TO HAVE YOURS, YOUNG PRINCE.

TAKE OUR NEW ARRIVALS TO THE CONSTRUCTION SITE AND PUT THEM ALL TO WORK IN THE MINES.

ALL EXCEPT THOR.



I WANT HIM WITH THE BUILDERS AT THE SUMMIT. I WANT HIM THERE AT THE MOMENT ALL WORK IS FINALLY COMPLETED.



SEE THAT THOR DRIVES IN THE LAST NAIL.

The Present, Omnipotence City, Nexus of All The Gods.

"WELL? DON'T JUST STAND THERE WASTING MY TIME AND BREATHING MY AIR. *SPEAK!*"

OR CAN YOU NOT EVEN DO THAT CORRECTLY, GOD OF THE WATCH?!

THE COMMUNICATIONS DIVISION HAS TRIED CONTACTING THE WORLD OF *CHRONUX* AS YOU ASKED, LORD LIBRARIAN, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS.

THE GOD PRIESTS OF THE WORD HAVE DISPATCHED DOZENS OF SPACE RAVENS AND COMET PROBES TO WHERE THEY BELIEVE *CHRONUX* TO BE HIDDEN, BUT ALL HAVE GONE UNANSWERED.

THEY SUGGEST IN THE FUTURE YOU REFRAIN FROM *BURNING* THE BOOKS YOU'VE BEEN ENTRUSTED WITH PROTECTING, ESPECIALLY THOSE CONTAINING THE ONLY KNOWN DIRECTIONS TO HIDDEN WORLDS.

A BILLION GODS IN THIS CITY AND I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO'S NOT AN ABSOLUTE WASTE OF DIVINITY. WHAT ELSE, OH USELESS ONE?

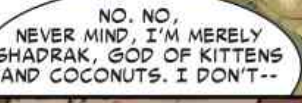
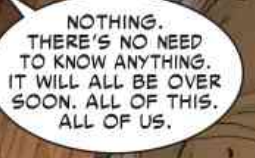
I'VE COMMUNED WITH THE SURVEILLANCE SPIRITS. YOUR LIBRARY WAS THE ONLY DIVISION INFILTRATED. I SUGGEST YOU REVIEW YOUR OWN OBVIOUSLY SUBSTANDARD SECURITY ENCHANTMENTS.

AND WHAT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF DEATH AND TAXES? DID YOU GO TO THEM AS I ASKED?

THEIR BLOOD AUDITORS HAVE INDEED REPORTED THE STENCH OF GODBLOOD IN THE CORNER OF THE COSMOS WHERE *CHRONUX* IS BELIEVED TO BE, BUT THERE IS NO WAY TO--

AND NO WORD FROM THOR?

THE ASGARDIAN? NO, NONE AT ALL.





IF YOU REALLY ARE A GOD, THEN YOUR NAME AND IMAGE ARE SOMEWHERE IN THIS LIBRARY. IF YOU MAKE ME DIG OUT THE BOOK MYSELF, I WILL BEAT YOU SENSELESS WITH IT, DO YOU HEAR ME?

IT'S BETTER THIS WAY, I SWEAR! BETTER THAN HOW HE WAS DOING IT!



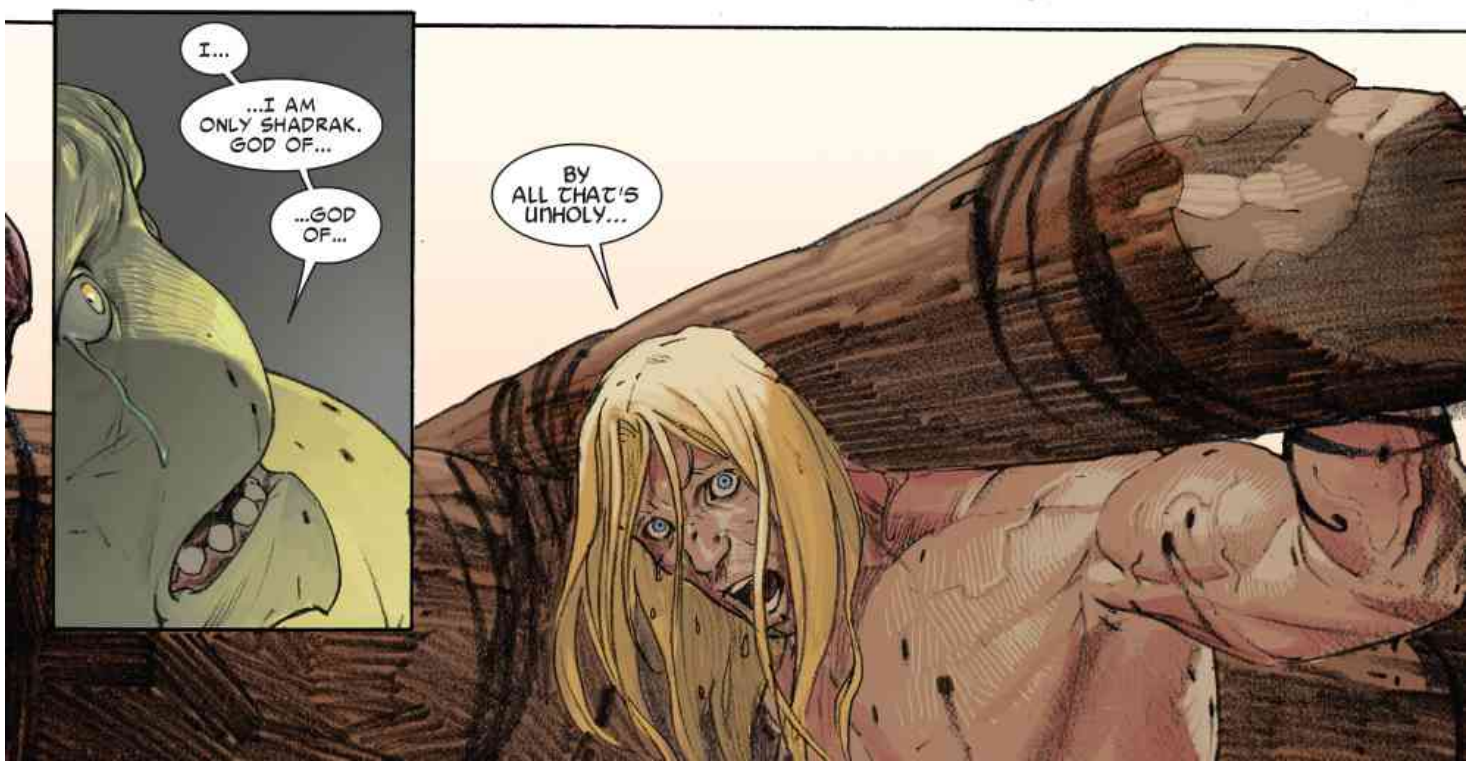
"TEARING US APART ONE BY ONE! HE MADE ME WATCH! I ONLY HELPED HIM SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WATCH ANYMORE, SO NO ONE WOULD!"



HE CAME TO ME! HE MADE ME SHOW HIM HOW TO BUILD IT! PLEASE, IT WILL ALL BE BETTER THIS WAY, BELIEVE ME!

START MAKING SENSE, DAMNIT! TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE HIDING!

TELL ME WHO YOU ARE!



I...

...I AM ONLY SHADRAK. GOD OF...

...GOD OF...

BY ALL THAT'S UNHOLY...

